

The Tragedy of Hamlet

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare,

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing?

As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my Daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deare Maiesty your Queene heere thinke,
If I had plaid the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my heart a working mure and dumbe,
Or lookt vpon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my yong Mistresse this I did bespeake,
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy starre,
This must not bee: and then I prescripts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens.
Which done she tooke the fruites of my aduise,
And hee repel'd a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakenesse,
Thence to lightnes, and by this declensioa,
Into the madnes wherein now hee raues,
And all wee mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may bee very like.

Pol. Hath there beene such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade mee, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may wee try it farther?

Pol. You know sometimes hee walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Prince of Denmark

Quee. Soe he does indeede.

Pol. At such a time; ile loose
Be you and I behind an Arras th
Marke the encounter, if he loue
And bee not from his reason fa
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. Wee will trye it.

Enter Hamlet

Quee. But looke where sadly

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you
He bord him presently, oh giue
How does my good Lord Ham

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me my

Ham. Excellent well, you are

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I fir to be honest as th
Is to be one man pickt out of t

Pol. That's very true my L

Ham. For if the sunne bree
a good kissing carrion. Haue

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i
But as your daughter may con

Pol. How say you by that, th
knew me not at first, a sayd I w
and truely in my youth, I suffe
neere this. Ile speake to him
Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words

Pol. What is the matter my

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. Imeane the matter tha

Ham. Slanders fir; for the sa
men haue gray beards, that th
purging thiek Amber, & plum